

ALL IN COLOUR - MAKES LEARNING A JOY

Once Upon a Time

EVERY WEDNESDAY

No. 68 • 30th MAY, 1970

PRICE 1/6

King Arthur—a new story
starts on page 18.



The Tinder Box



1. Once again, the dog with eyes as big as teacups took the Princess on its back and ran away with her to the house where the soldier lived. But this time, the Queen had been clever enough to attach a little bag, filled with finest flour to the Princess's waist. A hole cut in the bag let the flour out in a trickle and it went drip-drip-drip all the way from the palace.



2. The King's guards could easily follow the white trail and they went into the house and arrested the soldier. "Come with us, fellow," said the captain of the guard. "You will be most severely punished for this, I promise you." "But I did the Princess no harm," said the soldier. "I only wanted to see her face and kiss her hand, for I have fallen in love with her."



3. By order of the King, the poor soldier was imprisoned in a dungeon. There seemed to be no way of escape and in the next hour they were going to execute him. But he managed to attract the attention of a small boy through the barred window. "Run to my lodgings and fetch me my tinder-box, lad, and I will give you twopence," said the soldier. "All right," said the boy.



4. As the lad raced away for the tinder-box, the guards came and took the soldier out to his place of execution. But he was in no hurry to die, and he begged a favour from the King. "All I wish is to smoke one last pipe of tobacco, Your Majesty," he pleaded. The King could not refuse this harmless request, so the soldier filled his pipe and took the tinder-box from the boy.



5. Pretending that he wanted to light his pipe, the soldier struck the flint. Once he struck it, twice he struck it, and three times he struck it. Lo and behold, all the three wizard dogs obeyed the command and appeared at once—the dog with eyes like teacups, the dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels and the biggest of them all, which had eyes as big as round towers!

6. "Help me, my friends," the soldier cried. The three terrible dogs growled a little—but that was about all they had to do, for the mere sight of them sent the King and all his judges and soldiers into a great panic. They all ran away from the soldier, who smiled as he watched them scatter in confusion. The dog with eyes as big as mill-wheels fixed its gaze upon the King.



7. It picked up the King's cloak in its teeth and swung the royal monarch off the ground. He wriggled and squirmed and yelled to be put down. "I will see that it is done at once. Your Majesty," smiled the soldier. "But I will only give the order on one condition—that you will allow me to marry your daughter."



8. And when the King agreed, the soldier called off the three great dogs and sent them back to their home beneath the hollow tree. In that royal kingdom, a wise man had once foretold that the lovely Princess would marry a soldier—and this soon became true, and the happy soldier had no need to use his tinder-box again.

Next week a lovely new story starts in *Once Upon A Time*, called "Thumbelina".



1. Thousands of years ago, there were no clocks. People had to rely on Nature to tell them the time. The crowing of the farm cock was their alarm clock, which told them when it was dawn and in the day they looked at the position of the sun to find out the time.



2. The Ancient Greeks used a tall pillar, called a gnomon, as a clock. To tell the time, they measured the length of the shadow which the pillar made, by walking along it. A Greek might have arranged to meet a friend when the shadow was nine steps long.

All Sorts of



5. Water clocks were invented for night-time, or dull days. A water clock was a tall vessel, with a hole in the bottom through which the water ran out. In ancient Babylon, an attendant filled up the clock with water and called out the time when the water ran out.



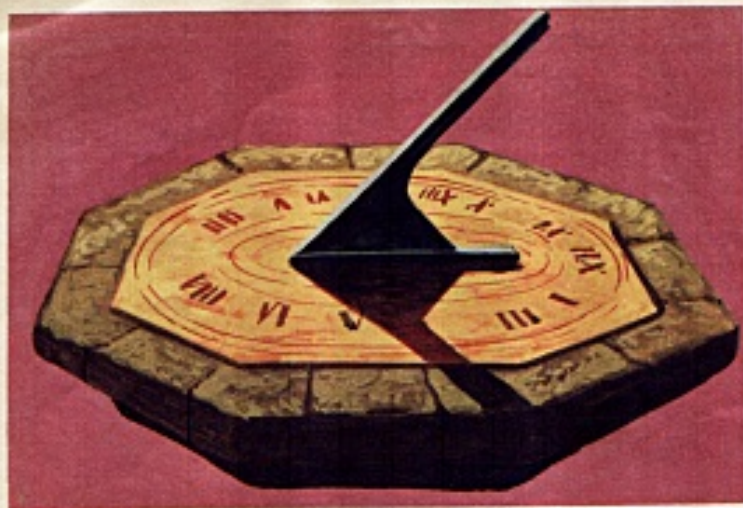
6. In China, water clocks were used until recently. Four big copper vessels were placed one below the other and the top one filled with water. The water ran from one to the other and as each vessel emptied, the guard put up a notice, showing the hour.



9. Oil lamps could also be used as clocks. People could tell roughly what time it was by measuring the amount of oil which had been burned in the lamp, but they were not very accurate.



10. Pocket watches were invented about 1500, by a clockmaker called Peter Henlein. He lived in Nuremberg, so the watches, often made in the shape of an egg, were called Nuremberg eggs.



3. Some of the earliest clocks were sundials. They had stone faces with hours marked around the edge and an iron plate in the centre instead of hands. As the sun moved across the sky, the shadow of the iron plate moved around the sundial, showing the time.



4. Indian fakirs carried an eight-sided stick, marked off into hours, with a hole at the top of each side. A peg was fitted into the hole. The fakir lifted his stick and the shadow of the peg told him the time. The different sides were for different seasons.

Different Clocks



7. Sand clocks were used to measure short intervals of time. We still use them as egg-timers today. The sand flows from the top container into the bottom one in a certain time. Then it is simply turned over and the process starts all over again.



8. Some people used fire clocks. These gave light as well as showing the time, because they were special candles, with rings marked on them to divide them up into hours. As the candle burned down, it was easy to tell the time by the number of rings left to burn.



11. Big Ben, in Westminster Tower, is one of the most famous clocks in the world. It has four faces, each 23 feet in diameter and its minute hands are 14 feet long.



12. Today, there are all kinds of clocks. Some are pendulum clocks, with weights, but most have to be wound up and some work by electricity, so they never need any attention at all.



BRER RABBIT

Brer Rabbit Fools Brer Bull.

BRER Rabbit was a cunning fellow, always playing tricks on the other animals. He always managed to outwit them and, of course, they didn't like it one bit.

Besides being cunning, Brer Rabbit was quite a boastful animal, too, and he liked nothing better than to talk about how clever he was. The little rabbits loved listening to his stories. They were always asking Brer Rabbit to tell them how he had outwitted one of the other animals and, when he had nothing better to do, Brer Rabbit would sit and spin yarns to them by the hour.

They especially liked to hear how Brer Rabbit tricked Brer Bull, for Brer Bull was big and fierce and bad-tempered and he had very big, sharp horns.

It happened like this. One day, Brer Rabbit was out walking, when he came to a field just full of fine greens. They were the thickest, juiciest plants Brer Rabbit had seen for a long time and they made

his mouth water mightily as he looked at them.

Well, when he was hungry, it was never Brer Rabbit's habit to stop and just look at things, so he glanced around carefully, to see if there was anyone about and when he was sure there was no one but himself, into that field he went and he was soon greedily eating those fine greens.

When he sat back for a rest, Brer Rabbit could see that he'd had a mighty good feast. Off he went home, very full and very pleased with himself.

Well, next day, Brer Rabbit he got to thinking some more about those fine greens, and as he thought, why, his eyes shone and his mouth watered.

It was a fine day, so off went Brer Rabbit, lickety-skip along the road, for his daily walk. He nodded good-day to the other animals he met and he sat down on the grass when he felt tired for a rest and a think, and somehow, when he went on, his feet just seemed to

happen to go in the direction of that field of fine, juicy greens.

Well, it seemed a pity to be hungry when there was good food there just for the taking, so, as quick as a flash, into that field went Brer Rabbit and there he was again, nibbling and gobbling just as fast as he could, until he was so full he was almost bursting. Then he had to sit down to rest, before he went back home.

Goodness knows how long this would have gone on, with Brer Rabbit feasting there day after day, if nobody had noticed, but someone did—and that someone was Brer Bull.

Now, it so happened that that was Brer Bull's field, and when he found that half his greens were gone and he had not had chance to have even the slightest little nibble, he felt very, very sore about it.

Now Brer Bull was well known among the other animals. He was known especially for his fierce temper. When Brer Bull was angry his roaring and bellowing

could be heard a dozen fields away. Also, everyone knew that he had very sharp horns—so all the other animals kept well clear of Brer Bull and they made quite sure they did nothing to annoy him. After all, he was bigger and heavier than most of them.

Brer Rabbit started for home again, but he had hardly got halfway across the meadow when he heard a snuffling and a snorting and a stamping and a bellowing behind him and who should he see standing there when he turned round, but Brer Bull.

"What were you doing in my field of greens, Brer Rabbit?" asked Brer Bull.

"Why, just testing them, Brer Bull, just testing them," replied Brer Rabbit. "After all, who knows more about greens than a rabbit? And if those greens had not been just right, why they might have given you a bad tummy-ache, Brer Bull. Just think of that."

"I'm thinking of all those fine greens you've eaten, Brer Rabbit. That's what I'm thinking of," bellowed Brer Bull. "I'm thinking I'm the one that ought to give you an ache, Brer Rabbit, that's what I'm thinking."

With that, Brer Bull lowered his head and began to charge across the field, straight for Brer Rabbit.

Now, while he had been talking, Brer Rabbit had been looking all around him,

mighty carefully. It was a big field, but near the hedge there stood a fine, sturdy tree, with a big, thick trunk.

"I'm mighty sorry you should think that of a friend, Brer Bull, mighty sorry," said Brer Rabbit, shaking his head. "You don't know how you're misjudging me." And all the time that rabbit was talking, he was moving backwards towards that tree. Brer Bull moved along after him, getting more and more angry.

"I'm going to teach you a lesson you won't forget in a hurry, Brer Rabbit," he said at last.

Brer Rabbit rushed over to the tree and grabbed the trunk. He pretended he was trying to climb up it but couldn't get a foothold. "Oh, don't hurt me, Brer Bull; don't hurt me," he cried. "I wasn't doing harm."

"We'll see about that," bellowed Brer Bull, and he lowered his head and went charging across the field.

Of course, Brer Rabbit wasn't really trying to climb the tree. He was just waiting for Brer Bull to come rushing at him and when he had almost reached the tree, Brer Rabbit slipped around the other side of the trunk.

With his head down, Brer Bull couldn't see what had happened and even if he had, he was going so fast that he couldn't have stopped. Crash! He hit that tree trunk with such force, that his sharp

horns went right through the bark—and there he was stuck fast. Brer Bull roared and bellowed louder than ever and called Brer Rabbit to come and help pull him out, but that cheeky rabbit was away. He went out through the hedge and off down the lane as fast as he could.

Brer Bull was stuck there, helpless, until some of the other animals, passing by, heard him bellowing for help and went and pulled him free.

Of course, when Brer Rabbit got home and told all the little rabbits how he had left Brer Bull, stuck fast in the trunk of a tree and not able to do a thing, they laughed until they were helpless and Brer Rabbit felt mighty pleased with himself when he remembered how he had tricked Brer Bull, one of the biggest, strongest and fiercest of the animals.

Have another chuckle with artful Brer Rabbit next week.

BRER RABBIT'S RIDDLES

1. Why should honey always be scarce in Britain?
2. Why is a room full of married people really empty?
3. When are eyes not eyes?
4. What part of a fish weighs most?
5. Which is the strongest day?
6. Which animals grow on vines?

(Answers on page 19)



Fun With Numbers

Here is a simple counting game for you to enjoy—and you will also learn about our amusing bird friends, the penguins.



1. 3 girls and 2 boys are going to visit the penguins. How many children are there altogether?



2. The first penguins they see are called Yellow-eyed penguins. How many are there?



3. Penguins are really birds that cannot fly, and these are Royal penguins. How many?



4. Here are 5 Emperor penguins and 6 King penguins. How many are there altogether?



5. As the happy children say goodbye, how many penguins are watching them leave?

ORANGES

Oranges need plenty of sunshine to ripen them, so they only grow in hot places, like South Africa, Spain and California. The trees are evergreens, so they give fruit almost continually. The fruit is carefully picked.



Oranges are packed into boxes and sent by ship to countries like Britain where the climate is too cool for oranges to grow. The ones we buy from our greengrocer, to eat, are sweet and juicy but there are also bitter oranges, called Seville oranges, and these are used for making marmalade. From orange peel we get a special kind of oil which is used in making perfume called eau-de-cologne.

This is a Memory Test. When you have read the story, turn to page 16 and try to answer the questions, to see how good your memory is.

Signs of the Zodiac

GEMINI

May 23rd — June 21st

Gemini, or The Twins, is the sign of the Zodiac which affects persons with a birthday falling between May 23rd and June 21st. Each Zodiac sign has an interesting story and this is the one about Gemini:

Castor and Pollux were the twin sons of Tyndareus and Leda. They were very brave soldiers when they grew up and Castor became very famous for his skill at handling horses. His twin brother, Pollux, was equally famous for his great skill at boxing. One of their brave deeds was to defeat a band of pirates, and because they also had the power to subdue violent storms, Castor and Pollux have come to be regarded as the friends of sailors and the patrons of all seafarers. A ship named after them is mentioned in the Bible and a constellation of stars in the sky is called Gemini.

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Brave Running Deer



1. Every year, in the land where the Red Indian people lived, there came a time when the sun disappeared and in its place came Big Chief North Wind. He rushed here and there, freezing everything in the icy grip of Winter. It was a hard time for the people, with only their thin tents, called teepees, to live in. They always looked up fearfully when they heard the North Wind whistle through the tops of the trees. However, there was one young Indian who prepared for Winter, instead of shivering and shaking and doing nothing.



2. This young man was called Running Deer. When it began to grow cold, he gathered bundles of sticks and took them back to his teepee to make a fire in cold weather.



3. Each day, he wrapped himself in a warm blanket and went to the lake. He broke a hole in the ice and caught enough fish for the day and then went back to his fire.



4. When Big Chief North Wind saw him he was very angry. "Everyone else shivers and shakes before me, so why not Running Deer?" he roared. "I'll teach him to respect me."

BE SURE NOT TO MISS THE LOVELY STORY OF "THUMBELINA"—STARTING ON PAGE 2 NEXT WEEK!



5. The North Wind whistled and shrieked around Running Deer's teepee, but Running Deer just stayed warm and safe inside, sitting snugly by his fire. "Who dares to defy me?" roared the North Wind, growing more and more angry. "No one can stand against me. All the other Indians are cowering down, shivering in terror."



6. With one mighty blast, he blew aside the flap of the teepee and strode inside. There was Running Deer, crouched by the fire. He felt the North Wind's icy breath on his neck, but he never moved or turned his head. He just sat there, by his blazing fire and hummed a tune to himself as though he were quite unconcerned.



7. At this, the North Wind grew more angry still. He drew nearer to the fire and finally sat down, uninvited, beside Running Deer. Now the young Indian felt the North Wind's icy breath on his cheek, but still he took no notice. He only leaned forward and poked the sticks of his fire together, until a blaze shot up.



8. A shower of sparks leapt out of the fire and the flames shot high into the air. It grew so hot inside the teepee that the icicles in the North Wind's hair and beard began to melt. "A-a-ah," he shrieked. "I am melting away. You have won, Running Deer." With that, he rushed outside and never bothered the Indian again.



Beautiful Paintings

An artist named Frere Pierre-Edouard painted this lovely picture quite a long time ago, but the dress of one of the characters has not changed much from that day to this. It is, of course, the dress of the nun, who has come on a visit to a family where there is a sick

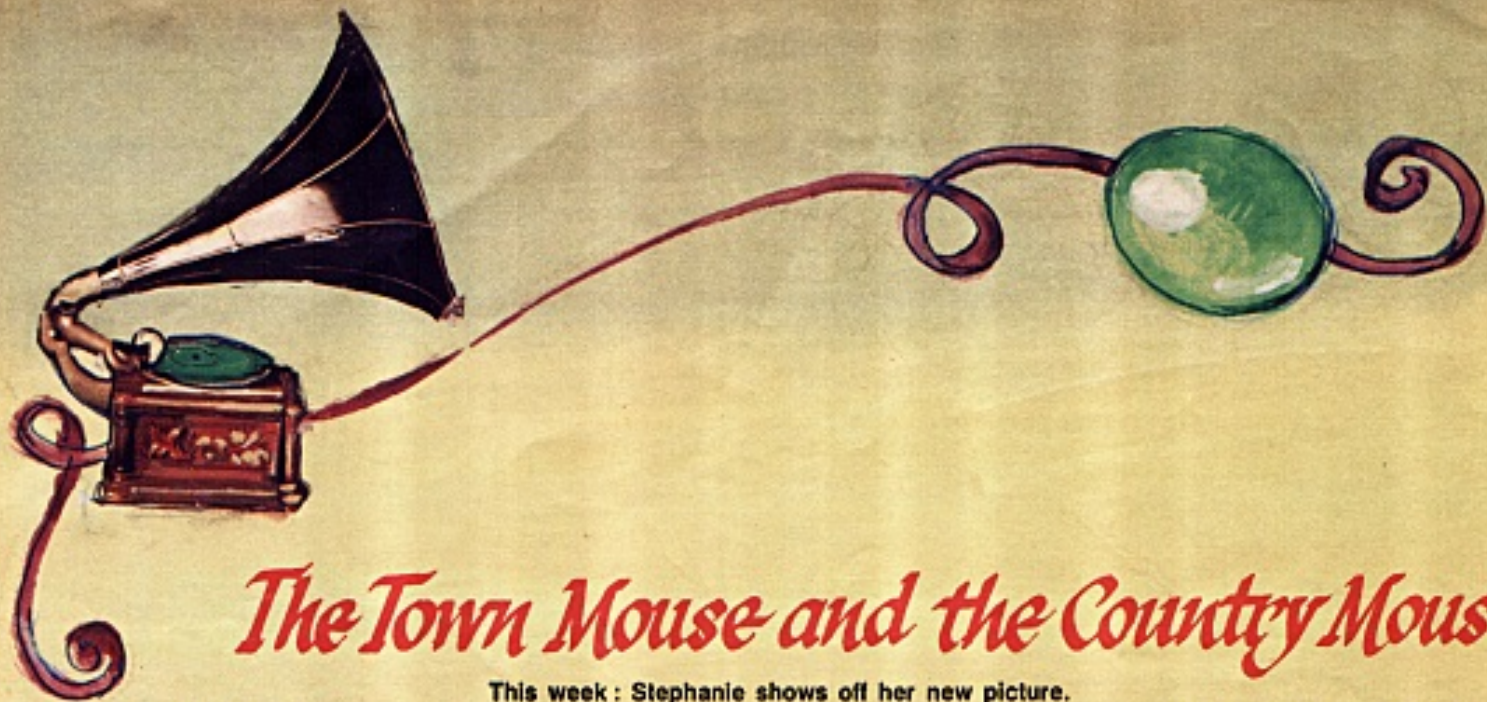
child. The title of the beautiful painting, which you may like to cut out and keep, is "A Visit of Sister Charity", and the artist has captured the tenderness of the nun as she gives the child its medicine.

The Land of TURKEY

The country of Turkey has the Mediterranean Sea on one side and the Black Sea on another, and leading to the two seas is a very narrow stretch of water called the Bosphorus. Ships passing from one sea to the other are thus under close watch by the Turks. At one time the capital of Turkey was Constantinople, but this seaport city has now been renamed Istanbul and though it is the largest, it has lost the honour of being capital to a new, modern town called Ankara. The principal products of Turkey are cereals, tobacco, silk, cotton, olives and fish. The Turkish flag is shown on the right.



You can get to know the positions of the cities and towns of Turkey by making a trip through the puzzle maze from Ankara to Bitlis, Mardin, Adana, Izmir, Gallipoli and Istanbul. How quickly can you do it without crossing a line?



The Town Mouse and the Country Mouse

This week: Stephanie shows off her new picture.

UNCLE Marmaduke Mouse was painting a portrait of Stephanie, the pretty town mouse. Stephanie usually lived in her fine, big house in the town, but while she was having her portrait painted she stayed with Winifred, her country cousin, in her little cottage, where Uncle Marmaduke was also staying.

At last, Uncle Marmaduke said he did not need Stephanie any more. She could go back to town again. He would finish the portrait and bring it up to Stephanie's house for her himself.

Nigel, Stephanie's boy-friend, came down to the cottage to take her home in his big car. Uncle Marmaduke would not let him see the portrait because it was not finished.

"No one will see it until Uncle Marmaduke brings it up to town," said Stephanie. "Then I shall throw a special party for all my friends and unveil the portrait for them all to see."

"What a splendid idea," said Nigel, who loved parties. "And Bertie and Winifred must come as well."

"Ooh, we'd love to," squeaked Winifred. "It will be lovely to see Stephanie's picture, actually hanging in the house."

"Well, that's settled, then," said Stephanie. "Just let me know when you are all coming and I will arrange everything."

One day the postman brought a little card from Uncle Marmaduke. It said: "Portrait finished. Coming on Saturday."

What a flurry there was in Stephanie's house. She had lots of invitation cards printed, saying: "You are invited to attend a party in honour of the unveiling of the portrait of Stephanie Mouse." Nigel thought it sounded a bit grand, but Stephanie was very pleased with it.

Poor Nigel spent hours putting the cards into envelopes, addressing the envelopes and then licking them, which

he did not like much at all.

When the invitations were posted, Stephanie went to the cake shop around the corner and ordered lots and lots of the best cream cakes they had. She knew Uncle Marmaduke loved cakes. She ordered lots of other things to eat as well and then she hired several waitresses to come and serve the food and drinks to her guests.

At last the great day arrived. Stephanie was wearing her best dress and the lovely new feather stole, which she had insisted on wearing to have her portrait painted. Then the doorbell rang and there, on the doorstep stood Bertie and Winifred—and Uncle Marmaduke carrying a big parcel.

Stephanie didn't know whether she was more pleased to see the parcel with her portrait in, or whether she was more cross at the dowdy dress Winifred was wearing. As soon as they were all in the house, Stephanie hissed, "Come with me, Winifred. You must borrow one of my dresses. This is a very important occasion, you know."

When Winifred was dressed as smartly as Stephanie could make her, they settled down to wait for the other guests. Uncle Marmaduke hung the portrait in the living room and covered it with a silk curtain. "You can unveil it, my dear, after tea," he said, for he was very fond of tea and cakes, and wanted to make sure that nothing spoilt his tea.

Soon, all Stephanie's smart friends began to arrive. One by one they were introduced to Uncle Marmaduke, who looked every inch an artist, with his curly whiskers and bright clothes. Stephanie was not quite so keen to introduce them to Bertie and Winifred, but that was all right, as they preferred to keep in the background and talk to Nigel.

All the guests were chattering and squeaking excitedly, for they wanted to see the portrait and poor Stephanie was

nearly beside herself with excitement, because she was longing to unveil it.

At last, Uncle Marmaduke decided that he had eaten enough cakes. "Ladies and gentlemen, Stephanie will now unveil her portrait," he said.

Stephanie took hold of the string and pulled. Everyone gasped with delight. It was the most beautiful portrait anyone had seen. Everybody agreed that Stephanie looked marvellous and she was very lucky to have an artist for an uncle. Stephanie was delighted with all the praise and she thought the portrait was marvellous.

Then she put a record on and everyone began to dance.

"Ooh, Stephanie, what a lovely party," said Winifred. "I am having fun."

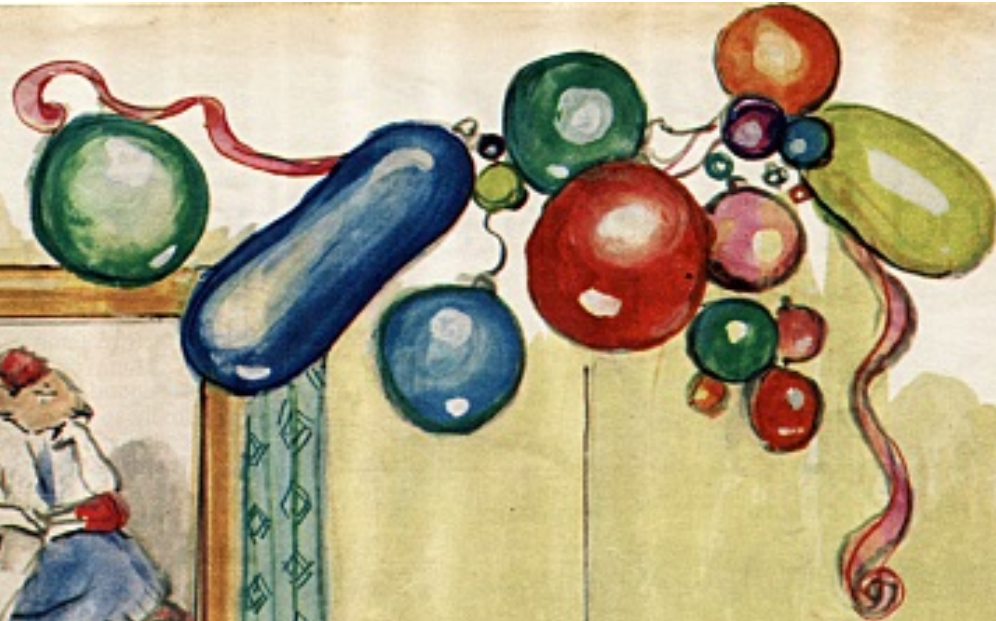
Stephanie was even more pleased when all her guests gathered together just before they left and sang, "For she's a jolly good fellow."

They sang it so loudly that all the mice living nearby put their heads out of their windows to see what the noise was and, of course, they saw everyone leaving Stephanie's party and heard them say, "Stephanie, it was a wonderful party and your portrait is very beautiful." And this pleased Stephanie very much indeed, for now everyone in the road knew about her lovely portrait.

Enjoy another story of Winifred and Stephanie next week.

Here are the questions from the story of "Gemini" on page 10. How many can you answer?

1. Can you name the Gemini twins?
2. Do you remember the names of their parents?
3. Where will you find mention of a ship named after the twins?



King Arthur

and the Knights of the Round Table



ONCE upon a time, many, many years ago, there was a King of England named Uther Pendragon. He was a good king, and a brave man, too.

In those far-off days, a king went into battle against his enemies and fought side-by-side with his gallant knights.

There were many lords and dukes and other nobles who dared to quarrel with the King and lead their own armies against his.

One powerful duke who waged war against Uther Pendragon was the Duke of Tintagel, who lived in Cornwall.

Many fierce battles were fought between King Uther Pendragon and the Duke of Tintagel. And it was during this time that the King fell in love with beautiful Igraine, who lived in a castle in Cornwall.

Of course, Igraine knew it was a great honour to be loved by the King of England, but she had already been married to a gallant knight who was killed in battle. So, Igraine could not decide quickly whether she wanted to become Queen.

This delay and uncertainty made Uther Pendragon very sad. He worried about it until he became ill.

Now, at that time, there lived a very powerful wizard named Merlin. He was old but very wise and could work the most wondrous magic of any man in the land.

So, a faithful knight, who knew of old Merlin's strange powers, sent his squire (or servant) to bring Merlin to the court of King Uther Pendragon.

He hoped Merlin would know how to make the King well again. Soon, Merlin stood by the King's bedside. He stroked his long beard as he looked down upon the sick king, and in his eyes there was great wisdom and understanding.

"My lord king," said Merlin, "you shall have the love of the lady of your choice. The beautiful Igraine shall marry you . . . but only if you promise to grant me a wish."

"Whatever be your wish, I will readily grant it," replied the King.

"Then, remember well in the years to come, the promise you make me this day," said Merlin. "After you have wed the fair Igraine, a baby son shall be born to you."

Uther Pendragon's eyes lit up with happiness. He had always hoped that he would have a son.

But now, Merlin the wizard, spoke on . . .

"It is my wish," said the old wizard, "that your baby son shall be given into my care, to be brought up as I will!"

Wasn't that a strange wish of Merlin's? The King thought so. But what could he do? He had promised to grant Merlin's wish.

Uther Pendragon consoled himself with the thought that Merlin must have a good reason for making such a wish, for he was a very wise old man.

From that day, the King rapidly got better, and was soon quite well.

Old Merlin's magic spell had worked, not only upon Uther Pendragon, but also upon Igraine.

News of a coming wedding reached the Duke of Tintagel. To show how little he thought of the King, the wicked Duke captured Igraine's castle and made her a prisoner.

When King Uther Pendragon learned of this he led his army into battle against the Duke of Tintagel.

With the royal flags flying, and the sun glinting brightly on the brave knights' armour, they rode forth to fight for the freedom of a fair lady.

For hours the battle raged. And, by nightfall, King Uther had won . . . not only a battle, but a bride.

So, soon afterwards, the royal wedding took place in London. The streets of the city were crowded as never before, and flags of many colours fluttered in the summer breeze.

Old Merlin watched . . . and waited. So far, all that the wise old wizard had foretold had come to pass.

Uther Pendragon had married the lady he loved. And, sure enough, in time a baby was born to the King and Queen. They named him Arthur.

It was then that Merlin visited Uther Pendragon's castle. He reminded the King of the promise he had made when Merlin helped him to get well, and also to win Igraine.

"I asked then that if you had a son, the babe should be given to me to be brought up and cared for as I thought fit," Merlin reminded King Uther Pendragon. "The time has come!"

Poor Igraine was very sad when she heard this.

"Why should I give up my child to you?" she asked, holding her baby son close in her arms as she looked angrily at Merlin.

The old wizard shook his head, a tender light in his eyes. He was not cross with Igraine. He understood her feelings.

But wise Merlin knew of things which Igraine could not know about . . . things which were to happen in the years to come. For the wizard had the power to see into the future!

"Be guided by me, fair lady," he said softly. "I promise you, great care shall be taken of your little son, Prince Arthur."

Merlin could have added:

"And one day, Arthur will be King."

Because Merlin knew that Uther Pendragon had not many years to live, and his baby son was heir to the English throne.

So, late that night, a door opened in a deserted part of the castle, and Merlin slipped away into the darkness.

In his arms he carried what looked like a bundle of clothing. It was a very precious bundle . . . the little baby Prince Arthur.

Unseen and unheard, Merlin made his way across the silent moors. He went to the home of a good and noble knight named Sir Ector.

Old Merlin had already told Sir Ector and his wife

what he wanted them to do. They were waiting for Merlin.

"Here is the child," said Merlin as he handed the tiny sleeping baby to Sir Ector's wife. "Give him all the loving care that you gave your own son. That is my wish."

"And it shall be so," replied Sir Ector. "I promise that we will tell no one that this babe is truly the son of King Uther. We will raise him as our own son, Arthur!"

When Merlin left them he felt very happy. The plans which he had made so long ago were now completed.

And in his heart, the wise old wizard was sure that what he had done that night would help England in the years to come.

Next week you will learn what happens to the young Prince Arthur.

ANSWERS TO BRER RABBIT'S RIDDLES on page 7

1. Because there is only one
2. Because there is not a single person in it
3. When something makes them water
4. The scales
5. Sunday, because all the others and week days
6. Grey spades (grapes)

YOUR EDITOR'S LETTER

Dear Boys and Girls,

Isn't this new story of King Arthur exciting? It has been a favourite story for many years, but not many readers know it from the start, when the young Prince Arthur was given into the care of the wizard, Merlin, as a baby.

Your friend,

The Editor.





The WISE OLD OWL

Knows all the answers

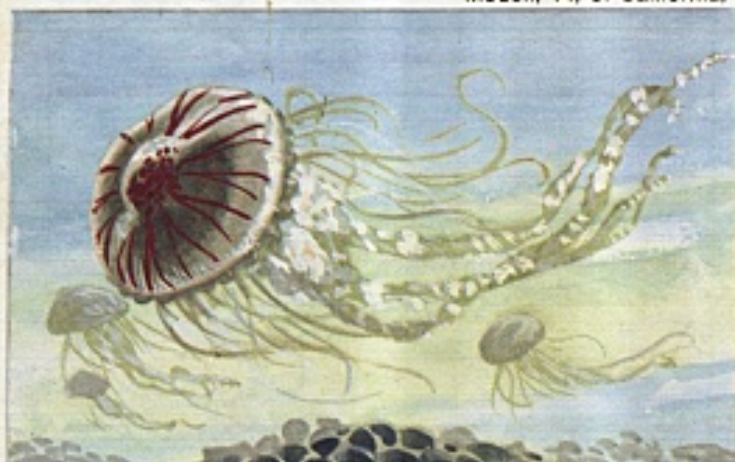
This week the Wise Old Owl answers some questions about the sea.



1. Has the Channel been swum by children?
 "A relay team of children from Stoke-on-Trent, called the Swim Kids, swam it in 1967. Leonore Modell, 14, of California, has also swum it."



2. What causes Phosphorescence?
 "Tiny plants and animals which live in the sea. They give out a glow, making the sea glow when the water is disturbed by a ship."



3. How does a jelly-fish sting?
 "It has thread-like tentacles on its body which contain stinging cells. It can also shoot some out of its mouth and swimmers can be stung by these floating threads, even when no jelly-fish is near."



4. Can you drink sea-water?
 "Sea-water is unpleasant and only makes you more thirsty because it contains a lot of salt, but it can be distilled to remove the salt, as is done on ocean liners."



5. Where does sand come from?
 "As waves beat against the sea-shore, they pound the rock into tiny fragments. Wind, rain and frost also help to break up rock into tiny grains which we call sand."



6. Where did surf-riding begin?
 "Surf-riding on a narrow board first began in Hawaii but now it is a sport which people practise all over the world, wherever the sea-shore is suitable."